The Liberalist

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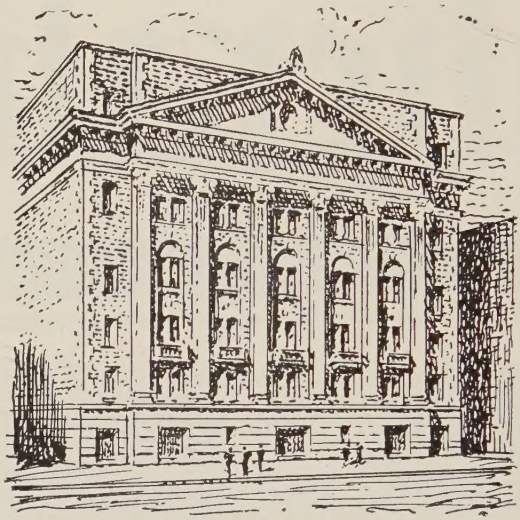
A Road Might Lead to Anywhere

It might be a road to a great, dark cave
With treasure and gold piled high,
Or a road with a mountain tied to its end,
Blue-humped against the sky.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Book

New Wealth For You—$1.00

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

Mastering Fear
Courage For Today
Power From Right Thinking
Life and You
Meditations
My Daily Strength
Happiness Through Creative Living

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Thursday, 15th June.

SAILING DAY! I was awake early this morning. My first thoughts were of home and those I shall leave behind. Although I have crossed the Atlantic many times I always have a feeling of sadness at leaving home. The ocean is wide and the sense of separation is deep. Many things could happen and, in spite of everything you breathe a prayer that you and those whom you love will be spared to meet again.

I stood just below the bridge on the "Mauretania," and as she slowly backed away into the Hudson River I said a prayer that Divine Love would accompany me and keep those I love until we could be together again.

I was delighted to have Mr. and Mrs. Herman Kessler have lunch with me and go to the pier for my sailing. Mr. Kessler is Art Director of *Field and Stream* and Mrs. Kessler we have known for a long time. She is famous in the world of fly-casting and the only professional fly-tier I know. She ties the flies that Herbert Hoover uses in his fishing. Both the Kesslers are devoted to the out-of-doors and both have visited us on our little Black Duck Island.

As the "Mauretania" was slowly backing from the pier Captain Dawson greeted me from the bridge. I heard someone shout "Welcome aboard, Dr. Bradley." I looked up and saw the Captain. Immediately some of the sad feeling at sailing alone was dispelled. I have often sailed with Captain Dawson.

June could not come on this trip and I shall miss her every mile of the way. She is a good traveler and we share a deep love of the sea and ships.

It was 93° in New York when we sailed and tonight the cooler Atlantic breezes are most welcome. The "Mauretania" is my favorite ship. When one has traveled often on the same ship an attachment develops which is not unlike one's love of their home. I feel at home on this good ship. As I walked about this evening I was greeted by old friends: deck stewards, dining room stewards, bedroom stewards and ship's officers, all of whom greeted me warmly. It softened the loneliness of leaving. As I came to my room on the sun deck and felt the throbbing of the engines as I started to write, I felt grateful that after a hard winter's work I have this opportunity of living for seven days away from the active life of my daily tasks: no telephone, no automobile, no engagements, no speeches, no sermons, no broadcasts for seven days. Only one who lives the life I live can appreciate what this means. Only the colorful, cloud-flecked sky and the restless sea will surround me.

At the very end of the day, as I write these lines, my thoughts of appreciation go back to the friends and members of my churcch, who made possible the inspiring closing service which we had last Sunday. The hour in which I said "goodby" after the service will linger in every experience of the summer. Is there a pastor more blessed and fortunate than I? Tonight, before I sleep, I shall read the many steamer letters and telegrams which are in my room.

Friday, 16th June.

This morning at 8:30 I called June by telephone from the ship. I had never made a telephone call at sea and was delighted with the reception.

Her voice was as clear as though I were speaking to her from Chicago. Wonder what my Grandfather and Grandmother would think. They were six weeks on this ocean sailing from Ireland to Canada!

It is much cooler at sea, only 53° today, and a slight sea. The Chief Engineer, Mr. J. H. Salt, invited his table down to his room this evening before dinner for a get-together. We have traveled with him before on the "Mauretania" and esteem him highly.

Some of the questions in everyone's mind as the ship begins its voyage are, "What kind of people will be seated at my table? Will they be enjoyable or bores? Will they be people one is happy to meet and will friendships be made which will deepen with the years? Will they be able to visit about intelligent subjects or will they spend the time on the merely trivial and unimportant? Will they stimulate one to better thinking and have ideas of significance?" It is always a gamble. We have been fortunate and unfortunate in our travels, but I don't recall being ever more fortunate than with the people at the Chief Engineers' table on this trip.

We were together tonight for the first time and I am delighted with the six people I shall have as table companions for this voyage. They are Miss Caroline D. Wadsworth and her mother, Mrs. M. H. Joseph, from New York City; Prof. Leslie D. Beebe, of New London, Conn.; and Mr. and Mrs. R. H. L. Sexton, from Philadelphia. Our first dinner together, as strangers (for none of us had ever met before) indicated we will have many pleasant times in the next six days: a business woman, her mother, a teacher, a housewife, a business man, chief engineer and pastor presents a sufficient variety of interests to make good table conversation. We shall see. We were all together this evening before dinner in the Chief's cabin and the outlook is good.

Saturday, 17th June.

Not very pleasant weather today. Fortunately there was no fog but a heavy head sea. This is unusual, for on the eastward crossing there should be an aft sea, as the prevailing winds are from west to east. This may mean bad weather ahead.

Tonight we were invited by our Captain, J. C. Dawson, to his room for a before-dinner social hour. This is an established custom at sea. The ship's officers invite a small group of passengers every evening. This gives an opportunity of meeting fellow passengers whom one would not usually meet on this trip. As I walked about the ship today I felt rather lonely, for I met only one person from Chicago; yet I was glad to meet her, for she was Jimmie's teacher when he was in Lake View High School. Our conversation was most nostalgic for it brought back many memories of happy years. I relived his graduation night and the words of the beloved principal, Mr. Brown. Blessed and indestructible memories!

Sunday, 18th June

Several people asked me yesterday if I was going to preach this morning and seemed surprised when I said "Oh, no. The Captain always reads the service of the Church of England and there is no sermon." For a hundred years every Cunard ship at sea on Sunday morning has had the service read by the Captain. I attended this morning and Captain Dawson read the service most effectively. They omitted the Old Testament lesson, but read from the New Testament. The hymns were somewhat unfamiliar and the congregational singing was most

inadequate. But to hear the noble sentences of the prayer book was inspiring. The traditional phrases which belong to the centuries have a quality all their own. The service was an inspiration. Particularly impressive were the prayers for the Queen and for the President of the United States, and the prayers for those who must meet the responsibility of the "great waters" and for those "left behind" were impressive as well. I'm glad I went.

Monday, 19th June.

We ran into fog late yesterday and it has continued most of the day. I do not feel the anxiety which it brings as much these days as I did before the coming of radar. In 1914, when I first crossed the Atlantic from Montreal to Glasgow, fog was always feared. It meant extra caution and slowing the ship to steerage-way. In the many times I crossed, before radar, fog always meant delay. Now it is different, and except under some conditions does not interfere with the announced arrival time. The passenger ships now operate on timetable schedules. Unless the fog is thick near arrival ports it doesn't delay the ship. However, a fog does affect the passengers. They immediately react. A different atmosphere is soon felt. The constant sounding of the fog horn becomes irritating to many people. The life of the ship becomes unlike the atmosphere of a bright day and everyone is relieved when the fog lifts.

Went to see "Pepe" with Cantinflas tonight in the movie theatre. Most interesting; and the film had the most beautiful white horse I have ever seen. Maurice Chevalier is always superb. A good film.

Tuesday, 20th June.

Our last day at sea and not much to record. Spent the day in usual shipboard routine, visiting with fellow passengers, reading and writing. Tonight our Chief Engineer's table had our farewell dinner. It has been an unusually interesting table. Mr. and Mrs. Sexton are planning to attend morning services in Bath, where I am preaching, and have invited me to Sunday dinner at her mother's home not far out in the country. I am looking forward to the renewal of our shipboard friendship. They are most attractive and interesting people.

We have been turning the clocks ahead one hour every night, and when one loses an hour a day for five days one notices it. Tonight we had our most colorful sunset of the voyage. I stood on the aft sun deck and watched until the colors faded and darkness settled on the sea. Have seen no stars nor any evidence of the moon. Too bad. Several times this evening I have figured what the time would be at home and have tried to imagine what my loved ones would be doing.

Wednesday, 21st June.

I was up and on deck at four o'clock this morning. The most thrilling moment of an ocean voyage to me is the first glimpse of land. I shall never forget the emotion I felt in 1914, when I saw my first sight of land, on my first Atlantic crossing on the old "Saturnia." It was the coast of Donegal in lovely Ireland. A similar feeling comes every time I cross the sea. A few minutes after four this morning I saw the Fastnet Light on the coast of Ireland and knew I would soon be once again on Irish soil. As daybreak dawned our pilot came aboard, and for an hour I watched the green-clad hills of the Irish coast.

We anchored in the picturesque Cobh harbor at 8 a.m. Our shore tender left at 10:30 a.m. and at 11:30 we were at Cobh pier. Some years ago when I

was in Cobh I wanted to visit the impressive St. Colomba Cathedral which overlooks the city and harbor and can be seen for miles around. I walked up a narrow, winding street which I thought led to the cathedral, but I wasn't sure I was taking the right way. I saw some children playing on the steps of a humble home—one of a series joined together on the street. I asked them if they would tell me the way to the cathedral. A bright-eyed boy about seven years old said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I will show you the way." He led the way up the winding street to the cathedral and waited until we had strolled about this historic edifice. He accompanied us back down the narrow street and on arrival at the doorstep of his home there were four other youngsters, all dressed in clean and attractive clothes, their faces glistening, who, together with their mother came out to welcome us with a typical warm Irish greeting.

While Michael was taking us to the cathedral, she had dressed the other children and had them all spic and span to greet us. Dr. William Clyde Donald II, the successor to Dr. Rheinhold Niebuhr at Bethel Church, Detroit, was with me and I shall never forget his obvious kindly reaction to Irish hospitality.

The mother invited us with great warmth into the home for a cup of tea. There we met her kindly mother, who kept a little one-counter store on the first floor of the home. Here she sold a few staple articles of food to the people of the neighborhood. The English are proud of their tea and justly so, but there is no tea on this earth better than Irish tea. Properly made, and with buttered home-made Irish bread, together with Irish jam, the most authoritative gourmet could not deny its deliciousness.

We tarried long in this home. The children evidenced unusual training. They were unobtrusive, mannerly, and quite unlike many children I have met of the same age. The father is a marine engineer and is necessarily away from home for long intervals. I have never known (except for one) a more perfect mother. I immediately became interested in this family, and while the introduction to them happened some years ago, I have never visited Ireland without seeing them. There were five children then, and now there are two more, all under twelve. When I came back this year I made the happy discovery that the last baby boy had been given my name.

About two years ago the father, who has a deep feeling of responsibility that his children be given every opportunity, expressed a desire to migrate to America, as so many Irish people have in the past. I set the wheels in motion for him. It was difficult for him to get a visa because he was born in Australia of Irish parents. Interestingly enough, his name is James English. His parents went out to Australia to build a new life. He was born there. They only stayed a short time and returned to Ireland when their baby son was about six months old. However, we didn't think the difficulty was insurmountable and, with the help of Federal Judge William J. Campbell, the immigration authorities and the vice-American Consul in Dublin, the problem was solved, and I expect Mr. English will be coming to America this year. He will follow his trade and as soon as possible will bring his family. They will be a credit to the country and will have an opportunity to make something of their lives. I have never known a finer family on either side of the Atlantic. The father and mother neither smoke nor drink and the children are their

only concern. When they do make a home in the New World, it will project the finest ideals to be found in any home anywhere.

Today I had lunch, tea and an evening with this family. As I walked back to my Cobh Hotel in the twilight I wished more people would help deserving families and children and spend less money on that which "moth and rust consumes and thieves break through and steal."

My hotel window overlooks the Cobh harbor, which in the old days was called Queenstown. It is growing dark as I write and glistening lights around the harbor create the eerie beauty of this island, with its wishing wells, leprechauns (the "little people," the gremlins) and the affectionate hearts of the saddest, happiest people I know.

Thursday, 22nd June.

The best way to see any country is either to drive or walk. I would prefer walking but that is impossible because of the time element. So at every opportunity we drive. June and I did about 2,000 miles in England, Scotland and Wales a few summers ago. We had no timetable. We had no reservations. It was the most perfect time we have ever spent traveling. We rented a little car which was quite inexpensive. June drove, and away we went. I was the navigator. The auto-road maps available in the United Kingdom and on the Continent are so good that one need never be lost or confused. The roads are perfectly marked. The little village inns are comfortable, clean and inexpensive. The larger towns all have hotels operated as tourist houses. They are always reliable and hospitable. It is a great mistake for travelers to confine themselves to the conventional routes and places. In over 2,000 miles we met only four Americans. One acquires a much more authentic and accurate knowledge of the people by meeting them where they live and work. There would be fewer wrong impressions if more people met the real people of the places visited. New York is not America. Paris is not France. London is not England and Dublin is not Ireland. Yet many Americans return with impressions which do not represent the real country at all. An isolated experience in London or Paris results in a tragic general observation which is not true. I heard an American say in London, "The English hate us," and then went on with a tirade which was the reaction of an Englishman to something the American had foolishly said. Had I been the Englishman I would have reacted just as he did. The reason the American thought all Englishmen disliked us was largely because the American was most unlikeable himself. People who go to the British Isles or France or anywhere else, stay a few days, and come home authorities in the fragile field of International Relations irritate me.

Drove to Killarney today and every mile was a joy. The scenery of Ireland is unmatchable and it is encouraging that more and more Americans are visiting Ireland every year. The scenery is not overpowering, as in Switzerland. Its beauty is more quiet and restful. I love the snow-capped, rugged, jagged peaks of Switzerland, but I could not live with them. The Irish countryside is more pastoral and not breath-taking. You can enjoy longer the quieter beauty and in the long run it is better for your soul.

Today we drove leisurely along, stopping now and then to feast on a particular bit of beauty, through Bantry and Glengarriff to the Europe Hotel in Killarney, where we arrived in time for a delicious cold supper. This is a

new hotel. Last year when my sister and I were here it was still under construction. I am not exaggerating when I say it is as fine a hotel as can be found in all Ireland, Scotland, England or Wales. It is modern in every particular. The decor is appealing and appropriate. The rooms are spacious and all have bath accommodations. I never expected to see such hotel comfort, service and food in an Irish hotel. We did not have reservations and no difficulty in being received for the night. I do not know the story behind the building of this hotel, but I think it was built by German capital. It is located on the shore of Lake Killarney and after I went to my room I turned out the light, raised the window curtains, and looked out through the Irish dusk to the placid waters of lovely Killarney. I wish everyone I know and love could share with me the tranquility, the colorful beauty, the quiet and peacefulness of this alway-to-be-remembered Irish night. Being four miles from Killarney, it has no city noises, no sound of automobiles, no raucous voices—just the beauty of lake, sky, and a lovely twinkling star. I almost wish sleep would not interrupt the beauty.

Friday, 23rd June.

Arrived in Dublin this afternoon at five o'clock, after a delightful drive from Killarney. Sunshine all the way, giving a vivid color to the hills and countryside. Was relieved to find reservations waiting for me at the Gresham Hotel. For years Mr. Curtis Proud, head of the travel department of the Chicago Motor Club, has made all my travel arrangements at home and abroad. I have yet to have any difficulty or hitch in any arrangements he and the club have made. This assurance is a great relief when traveling. Was happy to find mail from June awaiting me at the hotel. Letters mean a lot when you are a long way from home and your loved ones.

We have in our church in Dublin a most remarkable man—the Rev. E. Savell Hicks, M.A. He is now Moderator of the synod of the nonsubscribing church of Ireland. Born in England, educated at Oxford, he came to Dublin as a young man and has been in his Dublin pulpit for over 51 years. He called me at the hotel on my arrival and I had the joy of reviving our friendship, which has lasted for many years. Every summer for a great many years I have spent a Sunday with him and preached in his historic pulpit. He has kept burning brightly the torch of religious freedom in a predominantly Roman Catholic city. He is recognized by the people of Dublin as a civic and religious leader, having the respect and admiration of Jews, Catholics and Protestants alike. In fact, he permitted the use of the schoolroom in his own church building for a Roman Catholic School. All is not hatred and animosity in the religious differences of Ireland. The problem in Ireland is more political than religious, although it is difficult at times to see where one begins and the other leaves off.

Dublin is one of my favorite cities; the exquisite Georgian buildings, the windowless facade of the Bank of Ireland, which was the Parliament Building in the 18th Century and still stands unchanged as it faces historic Trinity College (a Protestant institution) across the street. Dublin is filled with historic, literary and artistic lore. Where will you find a more beautiful library staircase than you will see in Trinity! There in the Long Room to which it ascends, you pull aside a little green curtain and see what has often been called the most beautiful book in the world—the famous Book of Kells. I visit it every time I go to Ireland. The National Museum is filled with many treasures. H. V. Norton

tells us in his "Magic Road Around Ireland," that the treasured objects in the National Museum go back to the Golden Age in Ireland, twelve centuries ago, when Irish missionaries helped Western culture survive Europe's Dark Age. I never go to Ireland but I wish I could spend a whole summer and never leave this "Little Bit of Heaven."

Today on the way to Dublin from Limerick, I stopped at an old Blacksmith Shop—one of the few left in Ireland, or anywhere else for that matter. Being a blacksmith's son, it had deep interest for me. This is Ireland's oldest blacksmith shop and a youngish man named Richard Kelley was the blacksmith. The Kelleys have been blacksmiths in Ireland for generations and he is continuing the tradition. Several farmers were holding their fine horses, awaiting their turn for shoeing. He wore the traditional leather apron, sleeves rolled up, pounding and molding the hot horseshoes on his anvil. It brought back memories of my own childhood days in London, when as a boy I used to pump the bellows for my father. The sound of the hammer on the anvil brought vividly the undying music of another anvil and a village blacksmith who toiled in the long ago. I stood a long time in the door of that Irish blacksmith shop, with memories which did not fail to bring an unashamed tear to my eyes. As I left, the blacksmith handed me a horse shoe he had made. He polished it up and, as he handed it to me he said, "Take this back to America as a memento of your visit. I am proud to give this to the son of another Irish blacksmith." I am going to take this horse shoe home with me and, along with one made by another blacksmith, it will hang on my Study wall.

Saturday, 24th June.

I have been in the midst of things Roman Catholic today. Dublin is entertaining Catholic prelates from all over the world. This hotel is filled with them. Big limousines, with flags floating on the fenders go up and down the streets with motorcycle escorts. It reminds me of Chicago during the Eucharistic Congress. The city is entertaining the Patrician Congress in honor of St. Patrick's birthday. The Papal Delegate is here and hundreds of other dignitaries. But the churchmen do not have it all for themselves, for Prince Ranier and Princess Grace of Monte Carlo just came through the door! As I waited around the lobby, looking at all the display of "pomp and circumstance," I noticed a big black car with a Bishop's flag on the hood and with police escort drive up. To my surprise out stepped Bishop Fulton Sheen, who had just arrived by air from New York. As he walked by me I couldn't help reaching out and greeting him, for I have known him a long time and have great respect for his impressive speaking ability. He turned and was as surprised as I was. He was amazed that I should be in Dublin. He was most cordial and we had a few minutes of interesting conversation. He was tired and went right to bed to rest, as he addresses an important banquet in the hotel tonight, at which the Papal Delegate, the President of the Republic of Ireland and the Prime Minister will attend. Bishop Sheen is probably the best protagonist for the Roman Catholic Church in America. More Protestants hear him than any other Catholic. I wish as many Catholics would listen to comparable Protestant clergymen, and we have some. But they don't seem to get the same opportunity.

This evening I met the Archbishop of Australia and the Irish Bishop of Armagh. We sat for a long time and had an interesting discussion. I wish it

might have been recorded. It was most unusual.

Sunday, 25th June.

It is always a joy for me to return to churches where I have often preached. I don't think I would ever have been happy as an Evangelist—going from place to place, pulpit to pulpit, with new congregations all the time. Perhaps my long association with the Peoples Church is responsible for this feeling. I don't recall the number of times I have preached in the First Unitarian Church of Dublin, but I thoroughly enjoy coming back year after year. Meeting old friends and making new ones is an inspiring experience. I am always saddened when I learn of the passing of someone while I have been away. This year in Dublin I am missing Mrs. Evelyn Saville. Every time I have been to Dublin she has always been most gracious and kind. She and June became good friends and corresponded during the year. She was a most unusual person. Her devotion to her church and its pastor was such as lifts the heart of every minister. Active as she was in the official family of the church and with her work in the British Legion, which took her frequently to London, all will feel a great loss in her sudden and unexpected death. She passed on about ten days before I arrived in Dublin. She died in an act of love, for she was taking a poor old lady to a hospital to see a sick friend. She collapsed as she was about to step into her car, after she had helped the old lady into a seat. Her death was a distinct shock to the church and her great group of friends. As I arose to preach in the pulpit this morning I looked down at her regular seat—there sat her husband alone. It was brave of him to come, but as he told me later, "Evelyn never missed hearing you and I know she would like me to be here." I spoke on "A Faith For Today" and enjoyed preaching. There was a good congregation and most responsive, as one would expect a congregation to be which had listened for so many years to that superb preacher and scholar, Mr. Hicks. I had dinner at the delightful home of the Hicks—a lovely, comfortable home—in the midst of a beautiful garden. The house is secluded from the street and one enters through a wooden gate, down a graveled walk to the house. Mrs. Hicks has been a semi-invalid for some time and when I left her last year was bedridden. I was delighted to find her much improved. She was able to be at the table with us and seemed more like the dear woman I first knew in their lovely home, "Strawberry Hill," which overlooked Dublin Bay, with the Wicklow Mountains in the distance.

We had a warm and friendly time together, just the three of us. I then took an afternoon rest to prepare for the evening service. The Hicks' Home is about 30 minutes from the church, through an interesting section of Dublin. Tonight I preached again to a congregation larger than the morning one, with a filled gallery. I spoke on "The Chicago I Love." My reason for speaking on this subject was to offset the bad effects of the documentary film on Chicago which the BBC had recently made in Chicago and presented on TV from London. I was asked by BBC and ABC to have a part in the film, which was made in my Study. I spoke on the good side of Chicago. "The Manchester Guardian," "The London Times" and "The Listener" all criticized the film severely. I have not seen the film. We have been denied the opportunity in the United States, but I am informed the film only shows the bad side of Chicago, and the critics said the only good things about

Chicago were what I said in the film. I had nothing whatever to do with making the film, and my only responsibility is the part I had in it, and for which I have no apology or regret. In making a documentary film, the persons responsible should tell all the truth and not only a part of it. There is a bad side to Chicago, as there is to every city, but the bad side is not the only side; and on the good side Chicago can hold its own with any city in the world. Several people in the congregation tonight told me they had seen the film and were glad to hear my talk on Chicago. After the main service the congregation was invited to the church hall, where I was again introduced by the Minister, to give a concluding talk on my visit to Rome last year, and to give my impression of Pope John XXIII. The hall was filled and the tea was delicious. After my talk there were many questions asked and we tarried to a late hour. It reminded me of some of our "coffee hours" after service in our own church so far away. Human nature is the same everywhere and people are people wherever you go. I said a reluctant "goodby" and "goodnight" and my visit to one of the fine liberal churches on this side of the Atlantic was over. I hope I shall be able to visit this fine church, earnest, loyal and devoted men and women, and their much-loved minister, my friend Mr. Hicks, once more before life is over for me.

It was raining hard as we came out of the church. The walks and streets glistened in the street lights. Dublin was strangely quiet. I went back to my hotel thinking of Oliver Goldsmith, Dean Swift and the many others who knew and loved Dublin. Tomorrow I go to Belfast and County Antrim, the ancestral home of my father.

Keep looking up!

Next month Dr. Bradley will continue the day by day record of his summer experiences. Be sure and get your copy!

Church services will be resumed Sunday morning, September 17th, at 11 o'clock. Dr. Bradley is going to speak on "In Deep Waters." WLS will broadcast the entire service. The chorus choir under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett will present the music. Please reserve the date now and let us greet Dr. Bradley with a great congregation. He begins his 50th year as our pastor. May it be the best year of his long ministry. We can make it so if we all try.

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY RECEIVED INTO OUR CHURCH ON SUNDAY, JUNE 4, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence V. Blaine,
11736 Will Cook Rd., Rt. 1,
Orland Park, Ills.

Mrs. Evelyn Boedecker and
Miss Diane Boedecker,
233 S. Yale Ave., Addison, Ills.

Miss Nancy Spetter Dolemann,
840 Ainslie St.,
Chicago 40, Ills.

Miss Edith Mae Gouty,
1063 Glenlake Ave.,
Chicago 40, Ills.

Dr. Frances E. Haines,
55 E. Washington St.,
Chicago 2, Ills.

Mrs. Faith Hoffman,
1305 Lawrence Ave.,
Chicago 40, Ills.

Mrs. Mabel M. Massey,
6214 N. Winthrop Ave.,
Chicago 40, Ills.

Mrs. Lillian Nelson,
4880 N. Paulina St.,
Chicago 40, Ills.

Mr. Dixon Nichols,
2029 W. 53rd St.,
Chicago 9, Ills.

Mr. Virgil C. Quicksall,
4800 N. Kenmore Ave.,
Chicago 40, Ills.

Mr. Ralph Reidenbach,
4439 N. Christiana Ave.,
Chicago 25, Ills.

Mrs. Mina Saxton and
Miss Mildred Saxton,
94 S. Howell St.,
Hinsdale, Illinois

Mrs. Mena Stanton,
5017 N. Francisco Ave.,
Chicago 25, Ills.

50th Anniversary Bazaar!

Have you made your plans for your contribution?

Perhaps you can make something beautiful for the baby?

There are a lot of them you know.

Or how about some preserves for the kitchen booth?

or some candy?

The Choir has a booth.

The Sunday School has a booth.

The Woman's Club has a booth.

The Professional and Business Woman's Club has a booth.

The Men's Club has a booth.

The Uptown Temple Club sells refreshments.

Have you asked somebody to give a donation?

The store where you trade might be glad for the extra advertising they will receive from a donation.

Have you gotten in touch with the officers of the club you belong to, in case you could help them prepare for the Bazaar in some way?

Have you let Mrs. Harry D. Stone, the General Chairman of the Bazaar, know of anything you can give that will need prior planning and chance books? Call her at RAvenswood 8-7912.

The sooner we all get organized the bigger and better the 50th Anniversary Bazaar will be. Let someone in charge hear from you about your donation.

Your friend and Pastor
Preston Bradley.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

IF WE were to take the names out of American literature of those who have loved with all the reverence and respect which the word implies the wild wide spaces of earth, American literature would be so impoverished that its survival value would be impaired. If we were to take out of the field of art all that the artists have painted on American canvas from the inspirations that have come to them from the beauties of the out-of-doors, the art of America would be pauperized until it would hardly exist at all. If we were to take out of the creative lives of those who have added to the happiness, the peace and prosperity of our people—in any field of experience, all the influence and all the associations which come from contact with the out-of-doors, our whole civilization would be poorer.

You would be surprised, if you have never done so, on going back and reviewing the men and women of this country who have plowed their way into the life and character of our republic, to find how many of them were comrades of the denizens of the wild and were kinsmen of the things of nature. The escape which nature gives to tired bodies, to tired minds and tired hearts, which have been so immersed in all the activities that modern life demands and have been made tired by the constant competitive character of our contemporary scene, is self-evident all about us. There are men and women who would have been broken in body, broken in mind, and what is equally tragic, broken in spirit if they did not have an untamed, unpolluted out-of-doors in which to find surcease from all the sorrows in which life involves them.

The tremendous obligation which we owe to this out-of-doors is the debt I have been trying to pay for many years by my interest in conservation; and conservation implies not only conserving, but restoring and preserving.

When things go wrong and you have some hard days, steal away for an hour or so; go out to the forest preserve; sit down under a tree with your back up against the trunk and feel the strength and solidarity of it all. If you can, in the midst of a big trouble or problem, go fishing. Get out in a boat! Sit on the bank! Wade a stream! You may not get any fish, but that's the least important thing about fishing!

Problems of civilization will be solved by out-door-minded men and women!

"IF"

Sermon by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

May 21, 1961

ONE of the most common attributes which we humans possess is the attribute of holding post-mortems. That runs through almost every experience which we have with life. After the experience is over, then we begin to think about it and analyze it, think about our relationship to it; what might have been different had we been different, had we decided differently, had we spoken differently; we begin to hold a post-mortem about what we've done, about what we've said, and we usually begin that post-mortem with the little word "if"! If I hadn't said that; if I hadn't done that; if I had been two minutes earlier; if I had been a minute later, this tragedy would not have happened; this catastrophe would not have settled upon me; if I hadn't met that person my day would have been different! If, if, if! As you and I rehearse (inevitably we do, it's a common tendency) the experiences which we have with life our whole trend is to hold a post-mortem about the experience: if I had decided otherwise; if I had said no to him; if I had said yes to her, some great tragedy of my life might have been averted!

Life is but an accumulation of the decisions we have made. That's all life is. And as we look back across the years if we're honest in our own analysis of why we are what we are we will discover that what we are is the product of the decisions we have made! In my own life I could (if I had time and you the patience) speak of five great decisions that I have had to make through the years, any one of which, if I had made a different decision than the one I made, would have changed my whole life! I made one of those decisions in high school: when I was a boy in high school I had to make a decision. I made another one of those decisions when I was a young man in college—I had to make a decision. I made one of those decisions forty-nine years ago, when I came to this pulpit and this church began. I had to make one of those decisions nine years ago. And each of those decisions, and the way I met those decisions, has resulted, cumulatively, in what I am today! And if you will go over your life as an individual you will have a similar, almost identical, experience to the one which I had.

Now we are, all of us, constantly tending to hold a post-mortem on these experiences and all post-mortems begin with if! If you play bridge, you know what I mean! There is many a near murder committed at a bridge table, particularly between a husband and a wife who do what no husband and wife ought to do—become partners at a bridge table. They start in after some play they have made in bridge: "If you had done that; if you had not done that!", and the fight starts! And that little word called "if" has created a lot of trouble in this world of ours.

As we near an anniversary occasion in my life and in the life of the church —and this next year will be such an important year to this church and to me—I often think about the day when I was a student here in Chicago supplying a little church out here in Custer Park. Custer Park is not far, as you know, from Chicago, and there may be people listening to me now out there

in Custer Park (we have many listeners there), who will remember that young pudgy student who came down to Custer Park every Saturday and stayed with the Deacon on Saturday night and preached in that little white church, a church that didn't seat many more than our choir loft. I went down to that little church every Saturday while I was a student here and preached every Sunday morning. I was very young, but I knew a great deal more than I know today, a great deal more! That's the joy of being young! You think you know, and you don't know that you don't know. When you begin to realize that you don't know, that is the beginning of wisdom! I thought in those days that I knew what was the matter with theology; I knew what was the matter with the church; I knew what was the matter with preachers; I knew what was the matter with teachers! I was an authority on teachers! But after living with one for quite a number of years I'm not so certain about teachers! That's the way it is with life.

Well, I used to go out on a suburban train Saturday afternoons to this little church, and on my way out one Saturday afternoon, I suppose I was working on the sermon I was going to preach, and a very distinguished looking gentleman sat down beside me in the car. I thought he was a preacher! He had a fine personality! He looked at me and, as is the custom, we were soon having conversation. He said to me: "Young man, where are you going?" I said: "I'm going to Custer Park. I am their supply minister out there. I'm going to school in Chicago, but I'm preaching out there in Custer Park." And he said: "Are you going to be a preacher?", and I said, right off, "I'm not only going to be a preacher, I am a preacher!" and we continued conversation. "Well," he said, "I happen to be the Chairman of the Board of Trustees of a church in Chicago, a church called Church of Providence, which is a Presbyterian Church on the North Side of Chicago, and we haven't anybody preaching for us. I rather like your attitude, young man. I think you're going to be a preacher! You give me your Chicago address and I'm going to write you a letter and invite you to preach in our church"! I left the train before he did, at Custer Park. A few days later I received a letter and that letter was an invitation to supply that church, as a student. The man's name was Dixon C. Williams, who was later appointed by the President of the United States, Mr. Wilson, as the Postmaster for the City of Chicago! That appointment was never confirmed, but he was appointed Postmaster of our city.

I accepted the invitation. I went to that little church, and it was a tiny church. Perhaps you would like to see it some day. When you're driving down Sheffield Avenue, just before you come to Clark Street, if you're driving south, in the middle of the block turn and look and you'll see a little brick church. It is now a Japanese church. When you look at that church you will see where I preached my first sermon in the City of Chicago, and you will see the church that changed my life, and you will see the story of this church in that little brick church. I never go by it that I don't go by it with love! It's a Presbyterian Church. I was born a Presbyterian, brought up a Presbyterian, preached my first sermon in a Presbyterian Church, and am a member of the Presbyterian Church today! My little boyhood church at Linden has never removed my name from their roll! And though I have become a religious liberal; though I have very

little confidence in creeds, in dogmas and in decadent Twelfth Century theology, the roots of my life and my heart are in the church of my father. I preach in that church every year in Belfast, Ireland. I shall preach there next month. And my roots are deep, even though I have been utterly unable, from a theological and a philosophical point of view, to accept the theology. That I cannot do: the heart hath its reasons the mind cannot fathom! And there in that little brick church I preached a series of sermons. Some of you were present last August in Linden, Michigan, in my little white church which had asked me to preach their One Hundredth Anniversary Sermon. You did me the honor of driving all the way from Chicago to attend that service, the One Hundredth Anniversary!

Well, I preached a series of sermons as a student pastor in the little brick church on Life's Values: the value of a friend; the value of an ideal; the value of a savior. And in the one on the Value of a Savior, I made this remark: "If God is the God of the Westminster Confession of Faith who would damn little babies into eternal hell because they died without being baptized, such a God would I hate and never worship!" I said that nearly fifty years ago! I repeat it: such a God, to me, is non-existent! He doesn't exist! Then, the trouble started! Then I felt the necessity of freedom: a free pulpit, a free church, freedom in thinking! And that's been nearly a half-century ago! Now, "if" Mr. Williams had not sat down beside me on that train that day my life might have been different! "If" is a little word, but it inspires big thoughts!

Now infinite comrade along the years of life, endow each one of us, as we go out now upon a city street and as we resume tomorrow the responsibility of the week ahead, that we might be just a little more careful with life, a little more kind, a little more tolerant, a little more understanding, that we may leave behind us the beauty and the inspiration of love! And now, may that peace which this world cannot confer upon you, and which this world cannot take away from you, be and abide with you and with yours all the week long!

BOOK CHATS

WHEN a distinguished novelist, playwright and biographer, who is a born and bred Scotswoman, who can trace her ancestry back to the time of William of Orange, has written as her thirteenth work, a biography of Mary, Queen of Scots, one may feel very certain the book is well worth reading. The author is N. Brysson Morrison. It was at the time of William of Orange that the "Brysson" of her name settled in and married in Scotland. "The Lord," he wrote in his memoirs, "trysted me with a godly wife who bare me nine pleasant children."

Miss Morrison does her writing deep in the Scottish countryside, interrupting her work for riding and walking, and for her great love, the theatre. Vanguard Press, Inc., are the publishers. $4.50.

Miss Morrison writes: "As I unraveled that tangled life, I realized Mary was neither the scarlet woman painted by her enemies nor the saint

her partisans have gilded her. It is the story of a woman who happened to be a queen that I tell in my biography. The enchantment that bewitched men while she was living still reaches us, undimmed by the centuries."

This is the first life of Mary, Queen of Scots, for the general reader in more than twenty years. From her father Mary inherited the Stewart blood, with its mixture of charm and passion, its wayward weakness allied to great nobility, and the recklessness of all those who go their own way. From her French mother she inherited the unbounded Guise ambition. From both Stewart and Guise she inherited undiluted personal courage. Her life, beginning in Linlithgow Palace and ending on the block at Fotheringay, lasted forty-five years. Within those years, when England was flourishing under Elizabeth I, a tidal wave of change shook Europe. Because she was a queen, Mary took the shock of the tumult. Because she was the woman she was, she contributed forcefully to the happenings around her. She was neither the saint her admirers have gilded her nor the scarlet woman painted by her detractors.

With its rich re-creation of the scene and narration of events, this is a fine, fresh-minted biographical study of one of history's most poignant and controversial personalities. The book is a selection of the Literary Guild of America.

* * *

We remind our Chicago readers to check with the Chicago Public Library on the special summer service to children, through the Children's Book Caravan, which gives special summer service to children of elementary school age, in various parts of the city.

Library cards and books for home reading will be issued directly from the traveling branch library under the direction of members of the Children's Department staff. Mrs. Gladys Herbert is in charge of the Book Caravan.

CAMERA FANS NOTE

ALL through August Chicagoans may view some of the best pictorial photography by non-professional photographers. The Chicago Area Camera Clubs Association is holding the Eighth Annual Small Print Salon, in the Randolph Street exhibit corridor of the Chicago Public Library. Two hundred and fifty small prints, representing the best in pictorial photography, have been selected from the work of experienced camera enthusiasts who are members of the 80 Chicago and Suburban Area Clubs affiliated with the association.

Marty Schmidt (2209 W. Morse Ave.), an Associate of the Royal Photographic Society and member of Fort Dearborn-Chicago Camera Club, won the "Small Print of the Year Award" with a photograph titled "Carmel Mission." Dr. C. F. Cochron (4007 Irving Park Road), an Associate of the Photographic Society of America and member of the North Shore Camera Club, won the "Small Print Originality Award in the Advanced Class" with "Blue Note." In the "Novice Class" the top award went to Donald G. Carr (1917 N. Central Park Ave.), a member of Fort Dearborn-Chicago Camera Club for "Night Lights."

The Randolph Street exhibit corridor of the Chicago Public Library is open from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Monday through Friday; and from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. on Saturdays.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

WE have so many fine letters in the Mail Bag this month and so little space remaining for them that I am going to start right in with letters, without any comment from myself, except to say that I am very, very busy, both at the Study and at home, preparing to "take off" for the fields of Vermont and my vacation, with paint brush in hand and sketch pad under my arm. Do wish me luck!

From Beverly Hills, California, came this lovely letter from Irving Stone in response to our Liberalist review in the April number of his *The Agony and the Ecstasy*:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

You are absolutely magnificent. Your love of books and your passion for their contents and all that they mean in terms of intellectual and artistic delight grows more abundant with the years.

A friend sent me your article on *The Agony and the Ecstasy,* from *The Liberalist,* and immediately my mind went back to that wonderful day in Chicago, I believe it was in 1938, when I was taken to hear your lecture on *Sailor on Horseback,* and you did not know that I was in the audience. Do you recall how I came up later, and we talked together on the podium and to your audience? That was a memorable night for me; and I feel deeply that this article of yours is of great importance to me, because it indicates that in some ways I have grown over the years, in your estimation, and can do increasingly good work in my books That is my ambition. I hope to set down on paper things that perhaps have not been put in print, and help in some small way to push back the human horizons, not only in terms of the intellects and the arts, but also in terms of emotional understanding and commitment to the peaceful joys and brotherhoods of mankind.

I could not resist writing to you, just to send my love and admiration and deepest best wishes for the continuance of your magnificent enthusiasm and penetration and love of everything that is beautiful and decent and creative in life.

Sincerely yours,

Irving Stone

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

On behalf of the Board of Directors and Delegate Members of the Welfare Council of Evanston, I would like to express my appreciation for your most interesting presentation at the 32nd Annual Meeting.

Your topic, "What Are We Facing?" certainly precipitated much thought among those present. We thoroughly enjoyed your most informative presentation and have received many favorable comments about it. I do hope we may have the benefit of your service again at some future date.

Thank you again for making our 32nd Annual Meeting a most enjoyable and successful one.

Sincerely,

Wayne F. Anderson, Pres

On stationery of the Presbyterian Mariners comes this note:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This week found us heading South on a short vacation trip, but we kept in mind your wonderful message which you gave us last Saturday at Mariners —and we want to thank you for giving us your time.

After spending the past few days viewing the wonderful works of nature, one wonders why we really are so concerned with "space" and do not pause more to see what is around us.

Thanks again, Dr. Bradley, from the whole group for the fine evening you made for us all. We were so happy Mrs. Bradley could be with us too.

Sincerely,

Liz and Paul Houghton, Logkeepers

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

WEEDS—like you stated in your talk the other morning over station WFMF, to some people in some locations, a plant may be only a weed, but let that plant be in another part of the country, and there it might be valued as a most cherished flower.

I had been making greeting cards out of dried flowers and weeds, and when I heard this particular broadcast of yours, the thought came to my mind about this weed card that I made. Although they are just weeds, with a little thought and care they could be made into cheery greeting cards.

I'm sending this card to you, in appreciation for all the wonderful "Inspirational Words" you have sent over the air during these past months since you have been on Station WFMF.

Just before you come on the air, WFMF announces your program as "Inspirational Words of Dr. Preston Bradley," and it is a very well chosen announcement, for they are really and truly that.

I work in a one-girl office in the Merchandise Mart, in an office without any windows and, therefore, no visual communication during the day with the outside world. Never know what it is doing, raining, snowing; is the sun shining or what? It gets rather lonesome, and during the past winter, since your program has been on the air, I have just waited for your words to come over the air each morning. It has been like a friend stopping in to chat with me, and to give me the encouragement that is needed for each day, to seek and get out of life all the wonderful things that it has to offer. I think no matter who or what we are, we need that to inspire us on to do better things.

I was one of the many who were in the audience at the Erlanger Theatre for your Good Friday address. I found it very touching, and there was a stillness in the air during your sermon—everyone was in deep thought, listening to the words which you conveyed to them. Men, women, black and white, all eagerly grasping for a wonderful message.

People and weeds—there is a beauty in both, which some see, some don't want to, and some will see only if pointed out to them.

Thanks for *keeping us looking up.*

Sincerely,

Charlotte Nemitz

Those who attended the Art Exhibit held in Anderson Hall recently may remember seeing the Weed Greeting Card which we displayed, for we felt it was really a lovely little work of art —the live weeds, blossoms and all, fastened to a gold card, all covered with a thin film of wax which holds the weeds in place and protects the card. Dr. Bradley has it displayed in his Study. Miss Nemitz lives in Elmhurst.

* * *

Mr. W. S. Gaskill, Editor and Publish-

er of Visual Economic Facts, wrote—

"This is a Sunday when I played hookey from Covenant to listen to your sermon. Mr. Hunt is wonderful, but you are my all-time favorite. Twenty years ago I was an over-age bachelor, living at the Marlborough. Now I am a father of three—17, 15 and 11 years old, living in Evanston. Over the years your sermons have helped me over some rough spots.

"I am adding your name to the list of people who receive Visual Economic Facts. It will be small recompense for the inspiration of your radio sermons over the years. In fact, I have plans to add a number of ministers to the free list.

"A thousand thanks, Dr. Bradley, for your great ministry."

* * *

On Salvation Army stationery comes this letter:

Dear Friend:

With the approach of retirement later this year—after forty years of service as a Salvation Army Officer—I am very happy to announce that I shall be associated after retirement with my old and respected friend, Dr. Daniel A. Poling and the Christian Herald Assn.

My special endeavors will be to promote and to conduct group tours to the Holy Land and elsewhere as the demand for such services may dictate.

It is of course my hope that the cordial and many warm friendships which I have been privileged to enjoy during the years gone by, may be continued into the future in this new field of endeavor.

Indeed, I am already assured by some that I will have the pleasure of their company on some future voyage across the ocean and to foreign lands.

If sometime in the future I may be of service to you or your loved ones or friends in that connection, it will be a pleasure indeed thus to renew the bonds of our past association and friendship.

God bless you!

Sincerely yours,
Fritz W. Nelson, Lt.-Colonel

* * *

From Valparaiso, Indiana:

My dear Brother Bradley:

As one of your many admirers for a great number of years, may I congratulate you on your 49th ministerial anniversary. I have listened to you times without number; I have shaken your hand on numerous occasions, twice in Oak Park Masonic lodges. I consider your discourse over the casket of a dear friend, Mrs. Edith Kubis several years ago the finest funeral sermon to which I ever listened. May the Great God in the Heavens ever keep you in His hand.

I was born the year before you were and, like you, have devoted all of my adult life to the study of God's will. Early in my thirties I renounced what preaching opportunities came my way disgusted with modern ecclesiasticism and "churchianity." I could not preach what I did not believe—and not one Church or creed presents "Christianity" as Christ taught it. Since then, I have made exhaustive research in the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures, and in other Sacred Books, to find the Truth. What I have found is preeminently satisfying. In my heart, I agree with everything I ever heard you say.

Thank you for taking up so much of your valuable time.

Sincerely,
Lawrence Smith

* * *

From Dundee, Illinois:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Sunday, as always before, I was struck by the vigor and convictio

with which you speak. Then, as always, I valued your comments.

I've always wondered why other speakers do not talk with your vigor. My father (the late Fred E. Holmes, one of your devoted listeners and readers) would have said that the answer is simple: they can't.

Your talks about Benjamin Franklin and other great men I particularly enjoyed. Your interest in finding little-known facts to bring out added facets of their personalities was of great value, I thought.

It's ridiculous for me to compliment you, you who doubtless have hundreds of letters from celebrated people. But I've had this letter in my thoughts for years.

Sincerely yours,

May E. Holmes

* * *

Framingham, Massachusetts

Dear Dr. Bradley:

For the past thirty years I have been attending your Memorial Sunday Services for our War dead.

At the start we had a fair sprinkling of G.A.R. men: Major George Lee, Daddy Shick, the immortal Tom and others.

Then the Spaniards were more numerous — then Legionnaires from World War I—and now there is a generous sprinkling of World War II Legionnaires.

But the important thing is that over the years, the War dead were remembered, thanks to you, who originated Memorial Sunday, a long time ago.

Next Sunday you will again hold services from the pulpit of the Peoples Church, and of necessity, I shall miss them.

The least I can do is to thank you for keeping alive the memory of our departed comrades.

Wishing you and Mrs. Bradley good health and happiness.

Sincerely,

Lew Tentler, of Ad. Post.

* * *

14 Gordon Square,
London W.C.1, England.

Dear Preston Bradley:

This is just a note from George Lee to thank you most deeply for what you wrote about The Inquirer in your February Liberalist. It is most generous of you. I can hardly believe it! All I can tell you is that I put my life blood into the work as you do yours.

My deepest thanks.

Yours sincerely,

George Lee

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

What a memorable afternoon! And, what you do to us! Every person who came to hear you was singing your praises. How I wish you could have heard them! Your lecture was really an unforgettable experience. We were lifted to higher levels and comforted by your inspirational message. We can never express adequately our heartfelt thanks for the privilege of listening to you.

Our prayers, thoughts and good wishes will be with you when you go on your speaking tour to England and Ireland in June. We shall be looking forward with keen anticipation to the time when you will again return to us in the Fall.

May God bless you and your dear ones and grant all your desires.

Most sincerely,

Mrs. Emma J. Hildebrecht

(Mrs. Hildebrecht is Program Chairman of the Borrowed Time Club in Evanston. This club always writes such very appreciative letters to Dr. Bradley.)

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE, 1961

1—Broadcast WFMF-FM

2—Broadcast WFMF-FM

3—Five weddings
Address and invocation at
Senator Douglas Monument
35th St. and the Lake

4—Morning Sermon, Peoples Church
Broadcasts WLS, WCFL
Funeral

5—Two funerals
Broadcast WFMF-FM
Address, Masonic Children's Home,
honoring graduates, LaGrange, Illinois

6—Broadcast WFMF-FM

7—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Wedding

8—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Funeral
Dinner, Uptown Youth Commission
and PTA Graeme Stewart School

9—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Conference in Study
Meeting Board of Trustees
Peoples Church

10—Four weddings
Conference, Harry Barnard

11—Closing Sunday Service
Wedding
Broadcasts WLS, WCFL

12—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Worked all day in Study

13—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Worked in Study
Left for N.Y. and Europe

14—Broadcast WFMF-FM
In New York

15—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Embarked for Europe

16—Broadcast WFMF-FM
At Sea on "Mauretania"

17—At Sea on "Mauretania"

18—Broadcast WCFL
At Sea on "Mauretania"

19—Broadcast WFMF-FM
At Sea on "Mauretania"

20—Broadcast WFMF-FM
At Sea on "Mauretania"

21—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Arrived at Cobh, Ireland

22—Broadcast EFMF-FM
In Killarney, Ireland

23—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Arrived Dublin, Ireland

24—In Dublin, Ireland

25—Broadcast WCFL
Preached sermon in Non-subscribing
Presbyterian Church, Stephen's Green,
Dublin, for the Rev. E. Savell Hicks

26—Broadcast WFMF-FM
Arrived Belfast, Ireland

27—Broadcast WFMF-FM
In Belfast, Ireland

28—Broadcast WFMF-FM
In Belfast, Ireland

29—Broadcast WFMF-FM
In Belfast, Ireland

30—Broadcast WFMF-FM
In Belfast, Ireland

FUNERALS

4—William J. Wiedeman

5—Melvin Jones

5—Mary Baumgardner

8—Frank Smith

27—Mr. John Schneider

29—Mrs. Esther Geaslen
Mrs. Miriam Kramer

WEDDINGS

3—Violet N. Riddle and DeWitt C. West
Hazel Francis and Thomas Monroe
Norma Umbach and John Freitag
Mrs. B. LiVigni and Arthur Miller
Barbara Altschul and Harry Roehm

7—Nancy Lynn Schuler and Thomas E. Sell

10—Diane Comens and Erick Reickert
Meral Weireta and Thomas Z. Watt
Nell Hughey and Howard C. Smith
Eileen Mack and Edward Pikiel

11—Marlyn McPherson and Howard Levine

17—Dorothy Wieboldt and Ray B. Williams

22—Berenice B. Miller and Merrill C. Meigs

30—L. Ann Hartzell and Andre Robert

CHRISTENING

4—Nancy Marie Freeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Freeman

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WLS, September to June ..... 11:00 a.m.

Chicago Sunday Evening Forum (November to Easter) Broadcast WEBH-FM.... 7:00 p.m.

Sunday School, Anderson Hall: All classes meet September to Easter..... 9:45 a.m.
There is instruction for children who, because of distance, cannot come before 10:45 and for children who remain through the church services. A special class for youth over high school age, under Walter Haize. Jack E. Kolinen, superintendent.

Choir rehearsal every Sunday (from 3rd Sunday in September to 2nd Sunday in June) New members welcome..... 9:30 a.m.

Uptown Temple Club: Meets first and third Sunday of the month. Watch church calendar for announcements, or call SU 4-5173..... 5:00 p.m.

Woman's Club: meets September to May, 1st and 3rd Mondays. For summer contact, call Mrs. Harry J. Giffing, 4853 N. Wolcott St., SU 4-5021.....12:30 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, meets 2nd Sunday of the month, September to May. For summer contact, phone Winnie Jacobsen, 4451 W. Montana St., Chicago 39, DI 2-7629..... 4:00 p.m.

Men's Club meets 4th Tuesday of each month, September to May. For summer contact, phone Mr. Harold E. Hansen, 2218 W. Carmen Avenue, Chicago 18, ED 4-5998 ..... 8:00 p.m.

Great Books Course Class: First and third Tuesdays, all year round, Anderson Hall 7:30 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam.*

Senior Girl Scout Troop No. 97, Tuesdays at 4249 Greenview Ave..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Dr. Bradley's Broadcasting Schedule

WFMF, 100.3—Daily.....10:00 a.m.
WLS broadcasts the Sunday morning service during church season .....11:00 a.m.
WCFL, Vesper Broadcast, every Sunday..... 5:45 p.m.

Subscription Coupon

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The Peoples Church is very grateful to Mr. William Gage of Magikist Services for their cooperation in sponsoring the broadcast of the Chicago Sunday Evening Forum over WEBH-FM; and for announcing our Sunday morning broadcast over WLS in their newspaper advertising.

The latest report from WLS shows that the 11 a.m. Sunday broadcast from The Peoples Church over WLS has the highest rating of any religious program originating in Chicago on any station at any hour.

For the great courtesy and support which Magikist Services extend to The Peoples Church, we express our deepest gratitude.

Preston Bradley

A friendly hint from a neighbor

A recent nationwide study conducted by the Central Automobile Safety Committee of Kemper Insurance revealed that seven out of ten persons killed or injured in traffic accidents are innocent victims of law-violating drivers.

Here's a tip that may save lives, perhaps your own: KNOW and OBEY traffic laws and DEMAND and SUPPORT strict and impartial enforcement of realistic traffic laws.

Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Co.

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